

FIRST AID TO EDITORS.

THE silly season being with us, and promising to be unusually productive of the epistolary ass, Mr. Punch offers the directors of the great London dailies a choice of further succulent topics for their readers to munch upon:—

Should children be told all?
Is honesty the best policy?

Does one ever really know the time?

What is life?

Are we dead when we die?

Shall we let India go?

Are holidays dangerous?

Is marriage a success?

Should sauce for the goose be sauce for the gander?

Is there really anything of any importance?

Are things what they seem?

Ought we to bathe in water?

Is food deleterious?

Can one learn by experience?

Should newspapers cease?

CHARIVARIA.

SEVERAL newspapers gave details of the long private conversation which took place between the KAISER and his guest in the library at Friedrichshof Castle, and it has been suggested that, with a view to preventing correspondents from secreting themselves under sofas, etc., such rooms shall in future be searched by a vacuum cleaner immediately before an interview.

Meanwhile it is good to know that the Royal visit has gone far to improve the relations between the two countries. Indeed it is said that, to accentuate this fact, the KAISER intends to christen his next Dreadnought "König Edward VII."

A Continental contemporary, in reporting the review of the Channel Fleet by the Krieg in the *Victoria and Albert* mentions that HIS MAJESTY afterwards received Sir JOHN FISHER

on the *Victoria*, and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD on the *Albert*.

From Marienbad comes the news that Dr. OTT found KING EDWARD in excellent health, but he undertook to cure HIS MAJESTY.

"England and America should march together," says a contempor-

ten centenarians have recently died there.

Within a week a white seal has turned black at the Zoo. This gives one some idea of the density of our dreadful London atmosphere.

The new Kent Control of Dogs Order, 1908, provides that no dog shall be allowed out between the hours of

sunset and sunrise without being under proper restraint. Those who are in favour of a Quieter London are agitating for a similar order in regard to cats in the metropolis.

The epidemic of fires in country houses is, we hear, giving great satisfaction to the drapery trade. More attention than ever is now given by gentlemen as well as ladies to the selection of dainty nightwear.

An Italian nobleman, who is a widower for the seventh time, has, *The Express* informs us, erected a castle with seven towers at Biarritz in memory of his seven wives. It would be interesting to know whether the architect's design allows for the erection of further towers.

A report of the Board of Agriculture shows that the North Sea fish are gradually vanishing. It is thought that the silly creatures have been frightened by rumours of a coming war.

Sir IAN HAMILTON, in his report on the battle in which the Territorials took part, states that he had been advised to let a Regular Royal Engineer officer assist in building the bridge over the Avon, but he turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, he being resolved that the Territorials should "sink or swim on their own merits." Apparently, however, the Territorials did neither: they walked across the bridge.

Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT has now had an accident. He has broken his record.



Cabby (to decorative youth). CAB, SIR? (Pause.) OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO WALK ABAHT A BIT?

rary. Running together was certainly not a great success.

In the course of three weeks no fewer than 80,000 persons have signed the "Gold Book" at the White City and received in exchange a certificate stating that they have visited the Exhibition. This, we understand, exempts them from further visits.

Brighton, for all its reputation as a health-giving town, evidently does not suit everyone. A Sussex rector, writing to *The Daily Mail*, states that

OUR DRAMATIC COMPETITION.

(Concluded.)

[It will be recalled that the problem set was as follows:—She rich, He poor—in love with one another—but the money stands in the way of their getting married. Solution required.]

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM's innumerable successes on the London boards should console him to some extent for having gained only third place in our competition with the following exercise:—

THE DETERIMENTAL.

[The scene is the usual Mayfair drawing-room. She, the usual Society débutante, is leaning back amongst the usual sofa cushions. He, the usual Society young man, is leaning the usual elbow on the usual mantelpiece and throwing off the usual smart sayings.

He (moodily). I'm going off to the Colonies—the refuge of the deservedly destitute.

She. Ah, no, you are worthy of better things than that!

He. If we all got what we were worth on this earth there would be no need for an under-world hereafter.

She. Won't you change your mind and stay? . . . (Hesitatingly and lowering her eyes.) For my sake?

He. Men are not allowed to change their minds—except politicians and millionaires. I'm only a pauper.

She. The peerage?

He. Fifteen lives stand between me and the Earldom, and most of them are hale and hearty. That's why your mother is usually out when I call.

She (banging a cushion). Money is hateful.

He (kicking the fender). Lack of it is still more hateful.

[A footman enters with the usual urgent letter for him. He (taking the letter). Excuse me. (Opens it, reads, and then lets it flutter to the ground.) Two uncles and four cousins gone—a yachting accident.

She (eagerly). Then you are rich now?

He. Only in my love for you. Nine lives still stand between me and a banker's smile.

Newsboy (shouting off stage). Spesh-hul! Orrrrhbl Dssahhhstr! Spesh-hul!

[He goes to window and buys a copy of the paper, opens it, reads, and then lets it flutter to the ground.

She (tensely). What is it?

He. Two more uncles, one cousin, one second-cousin, one half-cousin, three nephews, and one half-nephew—the liner went down in mid-ocean. . . . That leaves me high and dry as the heir.

Her Mother (entering with a telegram). Have you heard the news? The old Earl . . .

He (taking the telegram, reading, and then letting it flutter to the ground). A boating accident. . . . So there's gold in sea-water after all.

She (whispering to her Mother). He succeeds to the title.

Her Mother. My dear boy, you have my very deepest condolences. I hope (archly) you will manage to spare a little more time to call on us in the future! You have always been a most welcome guest here!

He. Thank you. (Sotto voce) Sapphira!

(Curtain.)

"Honourable mention" is also accorded to a dramatist who writes under the pseudonym of "X." (Will he kindly send his name and address?)

THE BOOSTER.

[The scene is a farmyard in the Isle of Man. A milk-

maid is pumping real water from a real pump into a real milk-pail. A flock of real sheep passes across the stage. Exit the milkman, stumbling over a real hayfork. She, the farmer's daughter, enters, carolling blithely, with a dish of real peas to shell. He enters in farm-labourer's dress, and surveys her melo-soulfully for some moments.

He (removing his hat elaborately). Good morning, Miss GWYNIFRED.

She. Good morning, QUILLIAM.

He. Can I help you with your task?

She (doubtfully). Oughtn't you to be turning out the pig-sty?

He. I ought to be, but I cannot bear to be turning out pig-styes when I might be near you.

She (aside). How noble he is! (Aloud) If my father were to . . . !

He (heroically). Let him! I would face even his wrath for your sake. For I love you, GWYNIFRED, I love you with the inmost fibres of my heart! Name the deed of daring to be done for your sake, and it shall be done.

She (bursting into tears). If only I dared . . . !

He. Dared what?

She. If only I dared to sacrifice my position! To become the wife of a poor labourer! . . . But, yes, I will, I will marry you, whatever the world may say! (Throwing herself into his arms.)

He (recoiling). Never! Never shall it be said that I let you sacrifice yourself for me! If there is any sacrifice to be made it is for me to make it! I will give you up, and go away to seek my fortune.

She (clinging to him). No, you shall not, QUILLIAM! If you love me truly, you will not be so selfish as to wound me by sacrificing yourself. It would break my heart.

He. In this world, dearest, the call of duty comes first. My duty is sacrifice, and I shall go through with it to the bitter end! 'Tis better that we should part.

She. Then I shall cast myself down from yonder cliff.

He (burying his forehead in his hands). What a terrible situation! Is there no solution to it? No way out?

A Postman (appearing at the gate). Is Master QUILLIAM QUATKINS about the house?

He (rising majestically). I am QUILLIAM QUATKINS. Speak out and fear not!

The Postman. Then I have a document for you. (Holding out an open document with a conspicuous red seal.) You have been elected Turncock to the House of Keys and Booster-General of the Isle of Man.

She (ecstatically). Oh, QUILLIAM, all my life I have longed to be a Booster's wife! How splendid for you!

He (to the Postman). Convey to them my acceptance of the posts. [Exit Postman.

She. Nothing shall ever, ever part us now!

(She falls into his arms.)

1st Curtain.

[Her Father raises his hands in blessing from the doorway.] 2nd Curtain.

[The neighbours rush in through the gate and shake hands with them.] 3rd Curtain.

[A flock of real sheep troop on to the stage.] 4th Curtain.

[A herd of real cows enters and mingles with the joyous gathering.] Final Curtain.

[The stage is clear again but for the happy pair. He kneels down and kisses her hand. Real church bells ring out a merry peal.]

Absolutely final Curtain.



“DEAR” OLD ENGLAND.

ENGLISH HOTEL PROPRIETOR. “I CAN’T UNDERSTAND IT! I DO ALL I CAN. I CHARGE DOUBLE FOR EVERYTHING, AND GIVE THEM NOTHING TO DISTRACT THEIR MINDS, AND YET THEY WILL GO TO THOSE CHEAP PLACES ABROAD!”





Parson (discovering odd-job man working at the chapel). "WIIY, GILES, I WAS NOT AWARE THAT YOU CUT THE GRASS FOR THE DISSENTERS TOO?"
Giles. "WELL, YOUR REVERENCE, I DOES SOMETIMES; BUT I DON'T USE THE SAME SCYTHE!"

COUNTRY v. CLUB.

DEAR JACK, if rumour speaks aright
 And you've put off your annual flight
 To Inverness until September,
 And haven't gone to the Isle of Wight—
 Come out of London's fumes and reeks,
 O clubman of the pallid cheeks,
 Desert Pall Mall and Piccadilly,
 And stay with us for a couple of weeks.
 We can offer you little except repose;
 But beyond the paddock a trout-stream flows,
 And in the lane that borders the garden
 No scent of petrol affronts the nose.
 Our style of living is not tip-top,
 But you're neither epicure nor fop,
 And you shall have the prophet's chamber
 As long as ever you care to stop.
 I own that most of the reasons I give
 To tempt you hither are negative,
 But it is a boon that no fat stockbrokers
 Within our six-mile radius live.
 The boys are home from Rugby. HUGH
 Already is quite as tall as you;
 JACK goes to Oxford in October,
 With hopes of winning a football blue.

MAUD's skirts are lengthened—she calls them
 "trains";

Her hair, the most rebellious of manes,
 Is now put up, and she gives good promise
 Of passable looks as well as brains.

If you hanker after a life of ease,
 We'll sling you a hammock under the trees,
 Where little is heard from morn till even
 Except the drowsy murmur of bees.

If games allure, our friend the Dean,
 Next-door, has a capital bowling green;
 Or MAUD will take you on at tennis,
 And give you probably half fifteen.

There's cricket, too, in the village; COBB,
 My coachman, trundles a curly lob;

Your godson JACK's a lusty smiter,
 And I don't always get out for a "blob."

Well, come if you can, and let it be soon,
 For, though the landscape is best in June,

You're not too late to see the glory
 Of ripe wheat under an August moon;

To witness, unaided by costly mummery
 Or wigs, or any sort of flummery,

The finest pageant that England offers—
 The country arrayed in a garb still summyry.

THE CHASE OF THE GROUSE.

[You may have read a lot of bright informative articles on this subject during the last few days, but this is brighter and more informative than any of them.]

A CLEVER cynic once observed—(N.B.—He didn't; but this makes a good start for any article)—that the only reasons for Scotland's existence were that it provided a home for Mr. CARNEGIE, seats for Liberal Cabinet Ministers, and forests for the grouse.

What a picture King's Cross Station presents a day or two before the Glorious Twelfth. (N.B.—The Great Northern station, not the Metropolitan. Many people wishing to witness the northern exodus, as it is called, have spent hours at the latter, to their great disappointment.) Fox-hunting is over, flat-racing has not begun, and peers and Cabinet Ministers, sovereigns and suffragettes, bishops and baronets, surge wildly up and down the platforms—all eager for the blood of the grouse.

You may see (or you may not) Lady WARWICK with her famous brace of blood-hounds, which will soon be on the scent of the bird, or Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL with his petted dachshund which has played havoc with many a grouse warren.

On these occasions the lot of the humble porter is to be envied. No more content with the customary two-pence, he demands gold for merely cramming one of England's nobles into an already crowded guard's-van. Often a porter gathers in between two and three hundred pounds during this busy week, and railway directors have been known to assume the porter's uniform in order that they might share in the golden harvest.

Soon all (with the exception of the porters) are whirling northward eager to hear once more the sweet song of "Scotland's nightingale." Quaint it is that the favourite exclamation of the grouse, as of the Scot, is "Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!" Unhappily the grouse is a delicate bird, especially when hatched out by the domestic fowl or duck. That fearful disease "the gapes" often decimates the feathered inhabitants of the grouse-forest. This year the famous forests around Dundee, Stirling, and Montrose will be ruined by this disease. Experienced keepers allege that the outbreak of "the gapes" coincided with the series of Scotch by-elections.

Fabulous prices are paid for the choicest grouse forests. Mr. BAILLIE-

MCNAB's famous Fochabers estate of four hundred acres always commands a rent of ten thousand pounds for the season. The MACKINNON of Graddock has a kailyard, situated between two famous grouse forests, which lets literally at a pound a square foot. But, of course, in this instance the lessee has no expenses of keepers' or beaters' wages. He merely lies in ambush amongst the kail and brings down the grouse as they rocket over from one forest to the other.

But what cares the sportsman for expense when once more he sets foot in his beloved Scotland?

(N.B.—Now for a bit of fine sporting writing. Some of it may be Crockettese. You proceed at your own risk):—

At dawn the faithful ANGUS raps at my window, and after draining a flask of usquebaugh, cries, "Hoots, mon, I spaed a grouse o' seven tyne sprouching on Ben Glumskill this morn." (Sprouching, I may explain to the illiterate Southerner, is crouching to spring on its prey.)

In half a minute I throw a kilt round me and rush down-stairs. My trusty repeating rifle is on my shoulder, ANGUS grips the whisky keg and the sandwiches, and we set off on our six-mile crawl to Ben Glumskill. The hot sun beats upon me, a hail-storm sweeps down from the hills, the keg springs a leak till ANGUS heroically plugs it with his mouth; yet in spite of misfortunes I press on. At last, tired and worn, I creep over the summit and espy the cock grouse of Ben Glumskill not a dozen yards away singing sweetly as he perches on a tussock. (Please note admirable local colour in last word.) ANGUS hastily slides the rifle into my hand. "Try a sighting shot, mon, whilst he sings."

Bang!

"A wee bit tae the left, aiming at the middle grouse ye see—none of the outside yins—and allowing for the wind."

Crack, crack, crack, goes the repeater. At last, at the twentieth shot, the grouse collapses. He makes an effort to crawl away, but the deadly explosive bullet has done its work.

"The landing-net, ANGUS," I cry. "Approach wi' caution, mon," he answers as he gives it me.

Another moment and we are gazing on the noble carcase.

"Hoots, we maun wet its feathers," cries ANGUS.

Alas! alas! the keg is empty.

FACTS ABOUT FOOD.

CHICKEN cutlets are made of rabbit. Hence the name.

Though in the latter end they are inseparable, in their early youth raspberries and red currants do not grow on the same trees.

Rhubarb is spelt with an "h" and eaten with a fork.

For those who prefer the juice to the substance of this delicious if inexpensive stalk, a spoon is substituted for the fork. The "h," however, is still retained.

Chicken patties are so called because they are made of rabbit.

There is no edible substance known to mankind which does not find its way into a plum pudding, save only the common plum.

Even the most skittish lamb on the brightest spring morning may be reduced to a state of comparative solemnity by the production of a bowl of mint sauce. It is odd what an antipathy the gentle creature has to this apparently innocuous liquid.

Market gardeners admit that the most responsible part of their work is the selection of professions for their potatoes. Many a promising spud has failed miserably as a *sauté* which would have been an instant success as a mash.

Consistently with the derivation of their title, chicken creams are made of rabbit.

The only safe way to eat a strawberry ice is to place a small portion at a time upon the tongue and press it against the roof of the mouth. When it is thoroughly warmed through it is fit to swallow. It seems a pity that this heating process cannot be done in the kitchen, where more suitable and efficient apparatus is available.

Every cloud has a silver lining, so that milk may be boiled in it without fear of burning.

Game cutlets are made of rabbit. In their case no snobbish exclusiveness is shown in the selection of the rabbit.

Welsh rarebit is neither Welsh nor rare. It is not, however, made of rabbit.

A Contented Mind.

Mistress (fanning herself, to maid). Oh, EMILY, isn't it hot? They say it's 89 in the shade!

Maid. Well, Miss, we can only be thankful there ain't much shade!

AN EPOCH-MAKING BANQUET.

It was a happy thought to bring together at one table all the HENRY VIII.'s who have figured in recent pageants.

At the head sat Dr. BEST, who was HENRY VIII. in the Dover Pageant, while around him were seated HENRY VIII.'s from Winchester, Chelsea, Povensey, St. Albans, Gloucester, Derby, Worcester, and several other towns which have lately celebrated their picturesque past in the very attractive new manner.

It was an imposing and splendid scene. Never have so many corpulent gentlemen in dazzling array dined together before. At first it had been intended that they should meet merely as private friends, to exchange experiences and jokes; but to Dr. Best came the excellent idea of insisting upon their appearing in their regal habit, and every guest therefore retired to a dressing-room before the banquet and donned the royal jerkin. The Savoy has witnessed many strange sights, but none stranger than this: a dozen Royal HARRYS, all exactly alike, bending over their plates in unison, genial, prosperous and majestic in girth—each one every yard a king.

From statistics gathered during the evening it appears that the heaviest representative—Alderman FAGGE, of Gloucester—weighs nineteen stone eight, and the lightest (with one exception) fifteen stone three. These figures were ascertained at the reception before dinner, a weighing-machine being in attendance; what they afterwards were who shall say? One HAL, however, it should be explained, had stuffed for the part—MR. LANCASTER, of Derby—whose weight without pillows is only twelve stone. None of the others, let it proudly be put on record, had any recourse to art for their pomp of flesh. The total weight of the company was 1 ton 2 cwt. 1 stone 12 lbs.

Of the twelve monarchs, five only wore their own whiskers: the rest were made up very skilfully, although as the evening wore on and the heat grew more noticeable some of these artificial appendages showed a tendency to slip. The oldest HENRY was sixty-two; the youngest forty-nine. Their total ages came to 672 years.

One was a doctor; two were brewers; three were retired gentlemen; one was an auctioneer; one a hotel proprietor; one a butcher; one a yachting-agent; one a veterinary surgeon, and one a town clerk.



Sassenach Humorist (amusing himself at expense of Highland Caddie). "HOOTS, YE KEN, MA WEE BIT LADDIE, YON WAS NAE SO MUCKLE BAD A SHOT THE NOO. WHAT THINK YE?"

The Bit Laddie. "EH! AH'M THINKEN YE'LL LEARN SCOTCH QUICKER'N YE'LL EVER LEARN GOLF!"

It was computed by a mathematical professor from Harvard, who was staying in the hotel and was deeply interested in the occasion, that the chances against twelve HENRY VIII.'s dining together again are eight million to one. In spite of this, however, they have arranged to do so next year.

The meal was in character. The waiters were dressed as beefeaters. Ale and Malmsey wine and sherris sack were drunk; boars' heads and chines of beef were eaten.

Dr. Best proposed the health of Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER, "the HENRY VIII.," as he wittily put it, "of pageant makers"—meaning, as he explained, not that he was of extraordinary girth but extraordinary attainments. (Cheers.) He also pro-

posed their noble selves. Might their shadows, he said, never grow less! Might they always remain bluff defenders of the faith! (Applause.)

Mr. WILLIAM Toogood, the respected auctioneer of Worcester, responded in a humorous speech. As for himself, he said in the course of his remarks, he would tell them a curious thing: he had two daughters whose names by an odd coincidence were ELIZABETH and MARY; but the coincidence stopped there, for ELIZABETH was married, and MARY was anaemic. (Roars of laughter.) In such spirits did the evening proceed.

The Perfect Chauffeur.

"Butcher (young) wanted for van, able to kill." Glasgow Herald.

DISCOURSUS.

THE STORY THAT NEVER GOT TOLD.

BOTH were ladies of some expanse of form, and of years which, though they could not be termed "advancing" in the full sense of that word, might yet be said to have made a certain amount of progress. They were sitting on the shingly beach next to one another, with a little space of pebbles interposed so as to preclude the notion of any long previous friendship. Across this space they talked. Both were sewing nondescript articles of children's dress. There were indications that each was the owner of at least two children, presumably scattered abroad upon the beach with spades and pails. Absent husbands might be inferred from their conversation—men with whose frailties they dealt faithfully, but for whose masterful qualities of temper and bearing they sometimes evinced a wondering respect heightened by pride in the possession of an acknowledged paragon. One of the ladies wore a Spanish mantilla; the other was chiefly remarkable for a dark-blue blouse. When I became aware of them, the mantilla was endeavouring in a desultory manner to tell the blouse a story—seemingly of strong domestic interest, but liable to frequent interruptions.

The Mantilla. When it struck ten it woke me up all in a cold shiver, and I knew something was going to happen. If he'd meant coming home he ought to have been there at nine; but his supper—

The Blouse. Whose supper?

The Mantilla. Mr. PINCHIN's supper. It's a funny thing your name should be PINKER and mine PINCHIN. The very first time I see you here I said to myself, "Lor, if that isn't Mrs. NEVILLE. Whatever is Mrs. NEVILLE doing here? She said she was going to Margate for a fortnight, and she's come here after all." But when I looked again I could see it wasn't Mrs. NEVILLE. Still, it's a queer thing the names should be so close.

The Blouse. I knew your name before I spoke to you.

The Mantilla. Lor!

The Blouse. Yes; I saw your little boy scratch his name on the sand at low tide yesterday with his spade. He did it quite plain.

The Mantilla. Did he, the young rascal? I wonder wherever those children have got to. (*She calls distractedly.*) TOMMY! MELIA!

The Blouse (also calling). HENRY! JANE!

The Mantilla. Oh, there they are, all four of 'em, rolling in the wet sand. Well, I was telling you about that night I had with the horrors. Mr. PINCHIN isn't one to be late for his supper, and he likes it ready for him when he comes in. You can always get him in a good temper by having it ready, but if he's kept waiting half a minute he lets you know it.

The Blouse. Mr. PINKER's just such another. You could wind him round your little finger with a tasty bit of hashed mutton, but he can't bear pigeon pie.

The Mantilla (resuming the thread of her narrative). I sat still in my chair for about a minute, and then I gave myself a shake and I got up to have a look round. I knew I'd shut the door when I'd come into the room, but there it was wide open, and not a sign of Mr. PINCHIN. I said to myself, "He's been in and gone out again"; but there was his supper just as I put it on the table. If he'd come in, he'd never have gone

out again without taking his food—Don't say a word. Here's the nigger minstrels again.

The Blouse. Impudent fellows, especially that one with the white eyes. Don't notice them.

[*Both the ladies absorb themselves in their sewing as the three minstrels approach.*]

A Minstrel. Ha! What do I see? Do my ears deceive me? They are my long-lost mothers-in-law. ARAMINTA, listen to the voice of nature. (*To his partners*) No good 'ere; let's try that pitch over there. (*They pass on.*)

The Mantilla. It's never any use encouraging them.

The Blouse. Mr. PINKER once blacked his face for a party and carried on like a mad thing. I thought I should have died of laughing.

The Mantilla. Mr. PINCHIN's got no voice to speak of, but he used to play the concertina on Sundays. (*She again resumes.*) Well, that night, when I'd done looking round, I thought I heard something coughing in the kitchen. It gave me such a turn I didn't rightly know where I was. So I went to pick up the poker—(*She breaks off.*) Oh, do look at the children. MELIA's got knocked over by a wave, and TOMMY's fallen atop of her. I must fetch them.

[*She proceeds to do so. The Blouse also collects her tribe, and the two parties leave the beach separately.*]

MEMORIES.

Now's the time when the August weather
Makes a magic to haunt my desk,
Coveys calling across the heather,
Salmon running the winding Esk,
Wind and sunshine that tan to leather
Features sunburnt and picturesque!

Now's the time when Memory bridges
The locusts' years and their woeful track,
Bringing the days when we faced the ridge,
Light of footstep and lithe of back,
Where the versatile Highland midges
Lapped the blood of the Sassenach.

Days of boyhood that sought to jeopard
Uncle JOHN of the pompous strut;
(I'll admit he was slightly peppered,
But deny that the skin was cut,
Though he roared like a wounded leopard
Writhing about in the left-hand butt!)

As the bees o'er the meadows hover,
Storing their sweets for Autumn's chill,
So I also from Memory's clover
Take the visions her blooms distil;
They will stay when our last drive's over,
Pipes are lit, and we've turned down-hill.

Down the hill, for the mists are crawling
Up the corries in ghostly wrack;
Down the hill, for the dust is falling,
Lodge-lights gleam where the pines mass black,
And the grouse on the tops are calling
Faintly, mockingly, "Back—go back!"

"Recently, taking a short cut along moorland ground, I observed a white thistle: not of the species of the national symbol, but of the English or donkey kind. On a hasty examination it did not appear to be injured in any way."—*The Scotsman.*

This seems to be a very hardy plant.



"CARETAKER WITHIN."

CRI DU COEUR.

UNTIL I lost him I never knew how precious he was to me; I never realised how much he was a very part of myself until he was gone, and his place knew him no more.

His brothers, who were standing one on each side of him when I saw him last, are here still, but he—he is gone; I shall never see him again.

Was I hard on him? Was I unfeeling? Was I heartless, callous? Now that he is mine no longer, I heap a thousand reproaches on myself. With a little care, a little tenderness I might have kept him. And now— His absence leaves a blank which I am unable to fill.

In time, maybe, some other will take his place; but in the first bitter wrench of parting, the gaping void stares uncompromisingly at me; and do what I will, I cannot escape from the consciousness of it.

The world must surely see it, too. Were I some great magician, I might

perhaps hope to hide it from prying eyes, but I am only a very human woman in the throes of a very human trouble; and things like this are hard to conceal.

With arrogance and a Pharisaical feeling of thankfulness that I was not as they, I have often in the past regarded those who were undergoing what I am suffering now. I held myself superior, deeming that no such thing could ever touch *me*. Yet my day, too, has come; and I shuffle shrinkingly aside at the approach of any of my former companions, hoping (but instinct tells me, hoping vainly) that they will see nothing amiss. We women have sharp eyes to discern the shortcomings of our sisters.

Why did I never properly appreciate him? I torture myself with the question.

True, in station he was far below me, and in appearance unattractive; in figure he was round, in complexion dark, and often, it must be con-

fessed, shiny; but his silent devotion to my service, the laying of his whole heart and soul and the work of his lifetime at my feet, ought to have counteracted such disadvantages.

And each day he seemed to grow less *gauche*, as if some of the polish of the world to which he had been raised had by continual contact communicated itself to him.

Yet day after day I tore at the very root of his being with a hook crueler than that of the fisherman. And through it all he uttered no word of reproach.

I treated his devotion as a matter of course; and though we took long walks together, and spent many, many hours in each other's company, I never learnt to prize him at his true worth—until it was too late.

And now Fate has flung him from me—has sent him where I shall never find him, and I can never hope to see him again.

He was the second button on one of my Sunday boots.



TO BRIGHTEN THE LITTLE ONES' HOLIDAYS.

THE PATENT DONKEY ACCELERATOR.

PANTOUM OF SURBITON IN AUGUST.

It's really much too hot to think.
Would I could see the ocean swell!
But even more I want a drink;
I wonder, can I reach the bell?

Would I could see the ocean swell!
Oh, for a fresh salt-laden breeze!
I wonder, can I reach the bell? . . .
I wish they hadn't lopped those trees.

Oh, for a fresh salt-laden breeze,
A fleecy sky, a downland view!
I wish they hadn't lopped those trees,
A rotten sort of thing to do.

A fleecy sky, a downland view,
A flock of sheep, perchance a cow;
A rotten sort of thing to do
To stay in Surbiton just now.

A flock of sheep, perchance a cow,
Such the delights for which I crave.
To stay in Surbiton just now—
Oh, what it is to be a slave!

Such the delights for which I crave,
But even more I want a drink.
Oh, what it is to be a slave—
It's really much too hot to think.

THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

(A study in the Art of Conversation.)

Good afternoon, Mrs. JONES. I've found you at home, I see.

Yes, I'm in to-day. I always wash on Mondays. As I say to Mrs. BROWN. . . .

I've called three times to see you, and always missed you, but you're in to-day.

Lor', mum, to think of that! I've been doing a bit of washing. Early in the week.

It's such a beautiful day that I feared you might be out, but I've found you in, you see!

I don't take no heed of weather. If it's fine, as I say to JONES . . .

Yes, it's a fine day. I met Mrs. SMITH's little girl in the lane, and she said, "Mrs. JONES will be in if she's doing her washing." So I was fortunate.

The little piece! It's the only way to get through work, to begin early, it is. I'm washing Monday this week.

Monday is early in the week.

Yes, it's early, Monday is. But I always like to feel happy about getting through.

Mr. JONES is out, I see.

Yes, he's not in to-day. He's gone out.

Are the little ones all quite well? I saw them in Sunday-school yesterday.

Yes, they are all well, thank you. Oh yes, they all went to Sunday-school, though baby do cough terribly. They are out this afternoon.

So I've missed them. But I've caught you at home.

Yes, I'm in to-day. As I say—
What a beautiful cat you have there, Mrs. JONES.

Yes, it's a fine cat. He's half Persian. He seems to like sleeping on the window-sill.

He seems to like the sun. Well, I must be going. I am so glad to have had a chat with you. I shall look forward to seeing you again next time I find you in.

Yes, I stopped home to-day.

"LORD BRASSEY'S MANSION DESTROYED.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY."

Daily News.

The fun of building it up again!

"Mr. Derwent Hall Caine is about to appear in a new play written by Hall Caine specially for his son. It is entitled *The Fatal Error*."

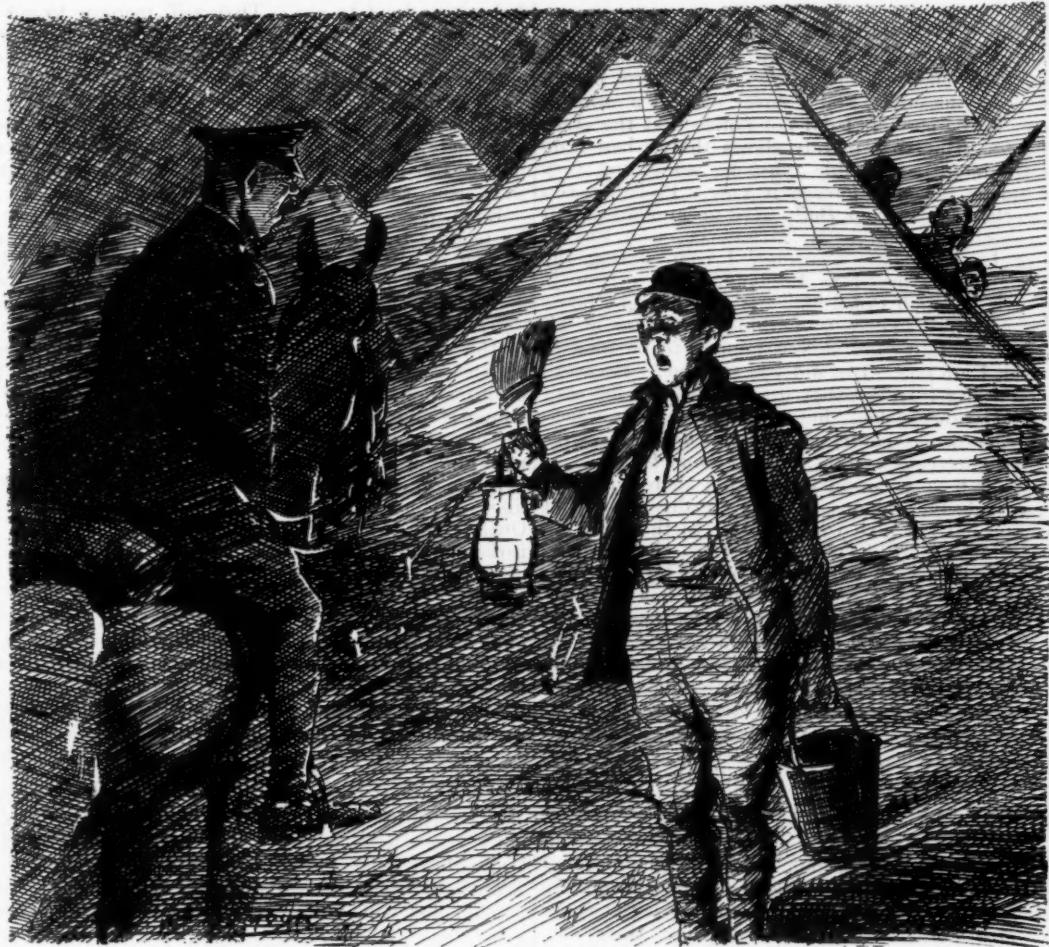
The Era.

Of course, if Mr. HALL CAINE says so.



CONFICTING INTERESTS; OR, JOHN BULL'S MOTOR PROBLEM.





WITH THE TERRITORIALS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

Officer of Yeomanry (riding into camp late, to new recruit). "WELL, MY MAN, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?"
 Recruit (after saluting with the whitecass brush). "PLEASE, SIR, THEY TOLD ME AS 'OW I 'AD TO GO AND PAINT THE LAST POST, AS THEY COULDN'T SEE IT LAST NIGHT!"

THE MOTOR PROBLEM.

A MISDELIVERED LETTER.

To the Editor of "THE TIMES."

Sir.—The danger to automobilists involved by unchained dogs, cattle, poultry and other agricultural fauna is a crying scandal which has long called shrilly for legislation. But an even more serious peril to swift drivers comes from the indiscriminate use of our high roads by foot-passengers, and some such scheme of regulations as the following is earnestly recommended:—

1. No pedestrian shall be permitted to cross a road or street without winding a coach-horn, blowing a few notes on a trombone, or beating a dinner-gong to signalise his intention.

2. At night, red lamps must be carried fore and aft, and fog-signals attached to the boots.

3. Every pedestrian must wear a printed placard with full name and address on his or her hat, coat-tails, bonnet or what-not, for purposes of identification.

4. Any perambulist wilfully obstructing motor-traffic by impinging upon a car, or inserting himself between the wheels or in the gear thereof, shall be liable to a fine of 5 guineas, over and above the cost of repairs, removal of débris, or damage sustained by loss of time or nervous shock to the chauffeur.

5. To obviate the risk of punctured tyres, no male in spiked shoes, female with hatpins, or person of either sex with acutely pointed fea-

tures shall be allowed to cross the road under any pretext whatsoever.

I am, etc.,
 PRO MALO PUBLICO.

The Conflict of Sex.

"Lost, Wednesday last, Tabby Tom Cat; answers to Kitty or Wee Woman." Manchester Evening News.

From the advertisement, in *The Madras Times*, of P. PONNUSSAWMY BUTCHER, purveyor of First Sort Beef:—

"The undersigned begs to inform the public that he has a Cow Cost Rs. 200, purely fed on better things and will be slaughtered on Saturday."

These two facts about Mr. P. P. BUTCHER will be read with mingled interest and regret.

THE GREEN PERIL!

I AM no Alarmist. On more than one occasion within my own experience the Nation's affairs have passed through a serious crisis, and I never uttered a word of warning. To be candid, I did not notice that the crisis was coming. But that merely shows that, when I do foresee trouble, that trouble must be something very serious indeed. And I foresee it now. Probably you read the other day in your *Daily Mail* an announcement to the effect that Captain S. MUSGRAVE, who was in charge of Lord ROBERTS's armoured train during the Boer War, had returned to England, after a twenty-months' trip through Colombia, and had brought home a live ant-eater. There is nothing of course at all alarming about that—unless you happen to be fond of ants, which I am not. But did you read on? Because, if so, you will remember that it continued as follows: "Captain MUSGRAVE had, he said, discovered a specimen of a carnivorous plant, which had a brain, digestive organs, and a nervous system, like a human being."

It may not have occurred to you that there was anything particularly ominous in such a discovery—but possibly you did not give yourself time to think out all that it portended. I did—and I confess the prospect fills me with the gravest concern for the future. You see, in all probability Captain MUSGRAVE has not only discovered, but actually imported one or two, if not several, of these botanical monstrosities.

They are here—in our midst. They are not only carnivorous, but they possess a brain "like a human being's" (I think the possessive *must* have been intended). The precise degree of intellectual capacity is not stated, but I should put it myself at considerably above the average. Because, while their digestive organs and nervous system (on which the vigour of the brain so largely depends) are also human, they will not, thanks to the healthy open-air life which plants lead in their natural state, have become shattered or enervated by a decadent civilisation. These plants live plainly and think highly. The chops or cutlets with which Captain MUSGRAVE may seek to appease their carnivorous propensities will but serve to stimulate their reflective faculties. They will observe what is going on in this strange land to which they have been transplanted—they will draw their own conclusions. What can any plant with a human brain and nervous system think or feel when it once realises the kind of existence which countless millions of its fellow-vegetables are condemned to lead by the Tyrant Man? When it hears, for instance, of Hop vines treacherously encouraged to climb poles for no other purpose than to be more conveniently picked in order to be dried in the neighbouring oast, and brewed as a human beverage; of roots and crops nourished by rich manure only to serve as fitter food for Mankind? What will be its opinion of Covent Garden—or of the Vegetarian Movement?

Inevitably these plants, with their marvellous human brains, will seek some means of rescuing their oppressed fellows, of organising them in self-defence. It may be less difficult to do so than you imagine. Men of Science now admit that all members of the vegetable creation possess intelligence—not, perhaps, of a very high order as yet. It will probably be a considerable time before the ablest Mangold-wurzel attains the mental level of the ordinary Man in the Street. But the mind is there, however dormant, if only it can be awakened and developed. That is the problem these Colombian strangers will have to grapple with—and they will solve it. How

I don't pretend to say. They will manage to get into touch with them somehow, possibly by thought transference, and the process of education will be carried on slowly, secretly, but surely.

You will know nothing about it; probably even Captain MUSGRAVE himself will never suspect that the plants, seemingly so acclimatised, so placidly content in their pots or tubs, are really engaged in stealthily propagating the seeds of discontent and rebellion.

Even when one day you are surprised for the moment by reading that an open scholarship at a minor college in one of the Universities has been carried off by a precocious Pumpkin educated "under private tuition," you will soon realise that there is nothing so very extraordinary in the circumstance. A "leaderette" in the same journal will be devoted to it, commenting on the remarkable manner in which vegetables have been coming forward of late, and pointing out that the young student's success affords a gratifying instance of the opportunities afforded, even to the humblest, by our revised educational system.

Later on, perhaps, you may be startled by the headlines, "Unrest Among the Potatoes. Military Called Out." But when you have ascertained that the disturbance took place in Ireland, you will think no more of it. Even should you read of a "Rising of the Swedes" and "Appalling Slaughter of Sheep," your equanimity will not be disturbed for long; you will conclude that the sheep must have behaved with regrettable want of tact, and turn to the latest cricket or football results.

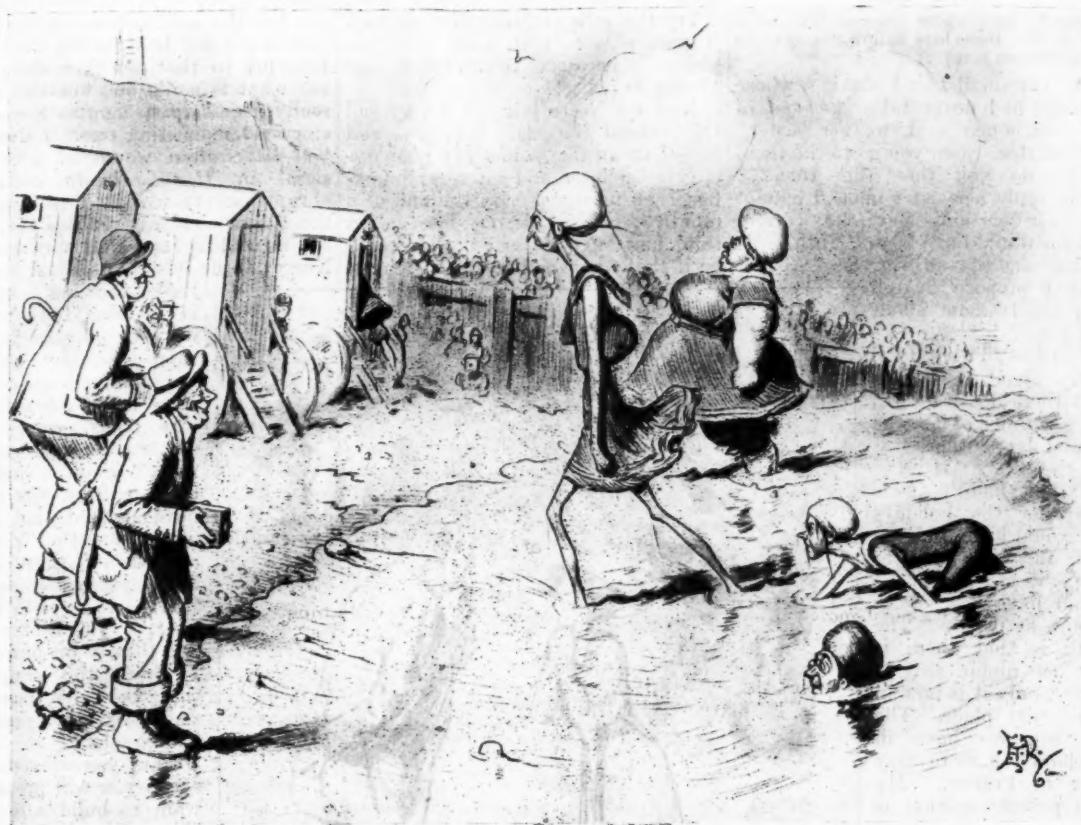
Not till you hear that Mr. EUSTACE MILES's Restaurant has been wrecked by an excited mob of Turnips, Carrots, Cucumbers, and Parsnips, which refused to disperse after the Riot Act was read, and hurled themselves at the Life Guards with such fury and determination as to knock them off their horses—not till then will you begin to suspect that the Vegetable Orders have become a force to be reckoned with.

Though, of course, following the lead of your daily papers, you will still treat the demand for "Votes for Vegetables" with ridicule. You will refuse to recognise that Beetrots, Lettuces, and Onions have reached a stage of progress at which they decline any longer to be butchered to make a British salad; that a Cauliflower has a head to think with, a Cabbage a heart to feel with—even as you.

But you will assuredly be alarmed by the discovery that their Colombian leaders have impregnated them with their own carnivorous practices. I have no wish to be unduly pessimistic—it is quite probable that the most voracious vegetable will not venture to attack human beings, but rather confine itself to depredations on domestic animals—at all events, for a considerable time to come. Though that would be quite unpleasant enough.

Even a Labour Cabinet will find itself compelled to adopt some repressive measures. But a universal strike of cereals, and a demonstration in Hyde Park by a mass of turbulent Gourds and Scarlet-runners, which will overflow into the streets and force their way by the windows into the House of Commons itself, will suffice to bring the Government to its knees. Universal Vegetable Suffrage will be reluctantly conceded. And the fate of the Empire will lie at the mercy of a bare majority, composed perhaps of half-educated and wholly irresponsible Radishes, incapable of seeing beyond their native beds!

You may think this exaggerated—fantastic, even.



"JUSTICE FOR WOMEN!" OR, THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

A TRAGEDY OF THE NORTH SEA.

But do not forget that four mighty nations—Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome—all perished by the disaffection of their own slaves. It may be that Great Britain will owe her downfall to an equally fatuous confidence in the loyalty of her home-grown vegetables.

I admit that I distrust these sinister plants of Captain MUSGRAVE'S. I should be relieved to know that those subtle human brains of theirs had been suddenly paralysed, reduced to a hopeless state of imbecility. There is still time. A dose of weed-killer would do it. About two-pennyworth, I should think, would be enough.

Will not Captain MUSGRAVE be induced by this solemn warning to nip these dangers while they are still in the bud? I believe the nation would willingly recoup the expense. Even the most thoroughgoing advocate of economy in the estimates for our country's defence could hardly consider twopence an unreasonable price to pay for national safety.

F. A.

Everything in due order.

"H.M. destroyer *Whiting* has been refloated, badly damaged, and dry-docked.—Reuter." *The Observer*.

We like the air of steady, purposeful progression which breathes through this statement.

THE NEW NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

WOULDST have Mayfair completely 'neath thy shoes?
Know When, to Whom, and lastly What, to lose.

Wouldst never taste the bitter dregs of Marah?
Then beg, or steal, or borrow, a tiara.

When asked to dinner, be discreetly deaf,
Unless your host has got a famous *chef*.

In choosing friends, note only their cigars,
Their cellars, and the horse-power of their cars.

"Captain Guesi, Mr. Churchill, and the other men worked the little fire engines which were kept at the house in their pyjamas."

Weekly Dispatch.

We have always thought it a mistake to keep them in their pyjamas. A little fire-engine is so much more useful when it has its hose on.

"To remove inkstands from white cloth, heat a pint of sweet milk, soak goods in it, and the stains will disappear."—*Bristol Times and Mirror*.

Another way is to take the inkstand between the finger and thumb, and throw it at the man who comes for the rates.

THE SEA.

[Cut this out and give it to your little one at the seaside. If you have no little one, wrap the sandwiches up in it.]

A VERY small friend of mine, whose parents had never taken her out of London, once said to her sister: "Thiththie, when you go to the thea-thide, do you thee the thea?" What reply her sister made I cannot say for certain, but the correct answer would have been "Yeth." It is because the answer is "Yeth" that I propose to tell you all I know about the sea.

The first thing you will notice about the sea is that there doesn't seem to be so much of it on the second day as there was on the first. If Miss PRINGLE hadn't gone away for the holidays she would have told you that this was due to evaporation, and she would have been quite wrong, as usual. The truth is that there is just as much sea as before, only it is now in a different place. The less sea we have in England the more they have in France. My own private opinion is that it is also more humped up in the middle than it was yesterday, but I may be wrong. Anyhow, I don't think I shall bathe this morning.

Now you will want to know why the sea moves about in this way. Why couldn't it always stay right up on one side and right down on the other? The answer is, Because it wouldn't get enough to eat. The sea lives on paper bags, orange peel, spades and ginger-beer bottles; and if you are a kind-hearted child and love dumb creatures you will leave out at least one ginger-beer bottle a day. It comes up every morning to fetch them, and when it has collected all it can it hurries over to France to see what the French children have been putting down for it. Generally they have been putting down the French for ginger-beer bottles too.

By the way, I was not quite right when I called the sea a dumb creature. On this side, as you all

know, it says, "Try Beauchamp's Pills"; and on the French side, "Try the pills of Milor Beauchamp, if you please"; it adds "if you please" because the French are always so polite.

Now I have to tell you a very sad thing about the sea. Like you and me—I mean like some lazy people—it gets up later and later for breakfast each morning. By the end of a month it is a whole day late. Just think how angry Miss PRINGLE would be if that happened to you! A man

two hours at least; by the end of that time you will want her again because she has the sandwiches. Some children dig a big hole in the sand and hide her in that, so that she can't see what is going on; but this isn't really necessary so long as the serial story is an exciting one. I daresay you have often wondered why the serial in *Home Gossip* ends so abruptly every week. It is because the Editor suddenly realises that the sea is coming up and surrounding Nurse; so he has to stop just as the

Earl is showing *Veronica* his watch. If the story were to go straight on there would be no nurses left on our coasts at all! Of course in a way that would be rather jolly, but in other ways it would be a pity. Even as it is, you may have noticed that just underneath the "To be continued" there is a little paragraph called "What to do with Wet Feet." The Editor has put that in on purpose. I think the simplest thing is to dry them on somebody else's pocket-handkerchief.

Now you are on the sands you will probably want to build a castle. Those silly WILBRAHAM children over there think that all you have to do is to pile up a great mound of sand and put a flag on the top. That isn't my idea of a castle at all. To take two points only—there is no lift and no bath-room. Perhaps the lift is a little difficult to do; but without a bath-room no modern castle is complete.

Build this right in the very front, facing the sea, and when the tide is nearly up you all stand on the castle walls together. Then you say to TOMMY, "It's eight o'clock, Sir," and TOMMY says, "Thank you," in a very sleepy voice, and he rolls over and adds, "The jersey and the red bathing drawers this morning, BENHAM, I think."

"Yessir," you say; "and would you like a hot or cold bath, sir?"

If he says "Hot," you smack his head and begin all over again with WILFRID—which is a pity, because WILFRID is really too small to under-



"OH, SIR JAMES, I HEAR YOU HAVE AN ACETYLENE PLANT, AND I SIMPLY
ADORE TROPICAL FLOWERS!"

called KIPLING has calculated that we have fed the sea for a thousand years; so that, if it was really in time for breakfast on the first day, it is now twelve thousand days behind. Fancy—more than twenty-three years late for breakfast! This is so very confusing that most scientists have agreed to say nothing about it. The others put it on to the moon, which is a long way away and doesn't mind.

When you have got down to the sea the first thing to do is to see that Nurse has the new number of *Home Gossip*. That will keep her good for

stand. But if TOMMY is a true sportsman he says:

"Cold, please; and briny, because of my rheumatism."

And then the tide comes up; and for one glorious moment there is The Castle bathroom in working order . . . and there are the WILBRAHAM kids still pottering about on their rotten sand-heaps. The next moment Nurse has finished her story and collared you all; and you sit down to lunch a little higher up the beach.

But I am afraid it happens sometimes that there is no sand on the beach, only pebbles. I can't quite explain why this is so. Scientists say it is the fault of the sea for not grinding the pebbles up small enough; but it's really the fault of your parents for not choosing a more sensible place. Still, as they are here now, and have probably broken the best teapot already, you've got to stay and make the most of it. The jolliest game is with father's walking-stick. You shove it into the beach and throw pebbles at it. If you hit the silver band it counts two, and if you hit TOMMY it's his own fault for standing behind you when you were drawing your hand back. An even better game is with father's panama: you put it a few yards away and drop big stones into it. If you fill it with water first you get the splash, which is jolly. . . .

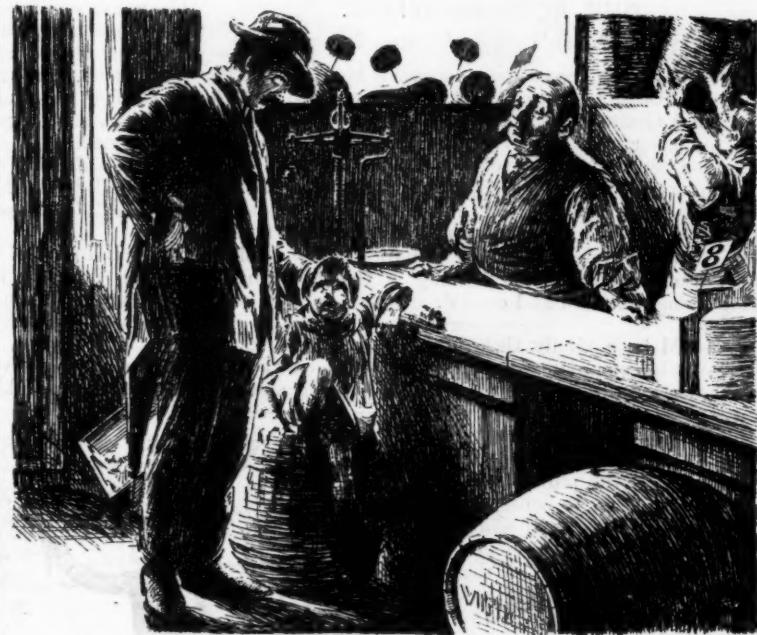
Yes, ETHEL, I was just coming to that. It is a curious fact, which has puzzled many scientists, that with an uncle's panama you don't get the splash properly at all. . . . Besides, I'm just going off to bathe.

A. A. M.

THE MOTOR AS INSECTICIDE.

A WRITER in a German paper (quoted by *The Motor Cycle*) says that every caterpillar and slug has disappeared from his garden since he allowed his boy to ride a motor-bicycle round its walks. He is convinced that the exhaust fumes from the engine acted as a caterpillar destroyer, and he has never seen his garden with such a show of fruit and flowers.

Here is more work for the Royal Automobile Club, with their sporting system of holding examinations, every Wednesday morning, of motor-car owners and prospective chauffeurs in driving and technical proficiency. A Horticultural (or Autocultural) Certificate should now be granted to the purveyor of sufficiently noisome exhalations, and this would go far to endear motorists to



Affable Grocer (to local Art Master). "YES, SIR, I SHALL BE SENDING 'IM ALONG TO YOUR EVENING CLASSES WHEN 'E'S A BIT OLDER, AND I WANT YOU TO LEARN 'IM JUST LIKE YOU LEARNED HIS BROTHER. YOU SO TRAINED THAT LAD'S EYE, SIR, THAT 'E CAN CUT THE BACON TO A QUARTER OF AN OUNCE!"

the present somewhat unencharmed cultivators of wayside cabbage-patches. We can picture the enthusiastic welcome which will be accorded to the happy possessor of a rickety car with unjacketed carburetors or unclean cylinder-lubricating oil of low flash-point. He will be promptly invited to "come inside" where the break-down occurs, and back-fire a bit among the begonias or distribute a distillate of crude petroleum over the mangold-wurzels, in view of the approaching autumn shows. Great and deserved indeed will be the popularity of the novice who shall steer his "stink-wain," even if unintentionally, into the flower-beds of any "Garden That I Love," dealing death to the earwigs in the dahlias and euthanasia to the aphids on the rose-bushes.

A class of beginners should be promptly started, with every encouragement from the L.C.C. or the Ranger, and no absurd restrictions as to exhaust, along the parterres of Hyde Park and Kew Gardens. We feel sure that the increased floral output would soon move the flower-girls of Piccadilly to call the sorcerer blessed, and the duly-certificated "road-hog" will earn the market-gardeners' undying gratitude. This

larvical discovery has just come in time to stop the unreasoning outcry against the real (if over-rapid) friends of the country-side.

THE NON-COMMITTAL SCOT.

[SCENE—*The hall of a Highland shooting-lodge on the eve of the Twelfth. A barometer, over which is a stag's head mounted.*

Son of the House. Do you think it will be fine to-morrow?

Keeper. Ay, Mr. CHARLES. Gin it hauds up.

S. But the glass is going up.

K. Ay, but the gless is an awful leear i' these pairts.

S. Are there plenty of birds?

K. There's just a good wheen.

S. But do you call it a good season?

K. I hae kenned better, and I hae kenned waur.

S. Will they be lying high or low to-morrow?

K. Ah! whiles they are i' the taps, and whiles they are doon, and it's just according.

S. Do you think we shall find them?

K. Ay, gin we hae good luck.

S. Hang it all! Shall we make a good bag, do you think?

K. Aiblins, gin ye haud straight.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Punch has received for review a book purporting to be Mr. HUBERT WALES' "new" novel, entitled *The Old Allegiance* (JOHN LONG). This work, however the author and publisher may endeavour to conceal the fact, is merely a reprint of a novel entitled *In Royal Purple*, by WILLIAM PIGOTT, published in 1899 by MESSRS. CASSELL. Mr. Punch is not interested in the task of examining the merits or demerits of *réchauffé* fiction. He is, however, concerned to remark that publishers and authors probably lose nothing in the long run by being straightforward and candid.

It would be a kindly thought to describe Mr. E. F. BENSON's latest production, *The Blotting-Book* (HEINEMANN), as a half-crown parody of the shilling shocker. But honesty compels me to accuse him of having written it as a serious experiment in melodrama, if the phrase may be used of a story so commonplace in style and so slipshod in construction. The evidence in a murder-trial turns on the question of the date of an impression in a new blotting-book, but Mr. BENSON has not taken the trouble to get his dates right. Thus the threatening letter which is accepted as evidence against the prisoner is dated June 21st, while at the same time it is proved to the satisfaction of the court that not till June 22nd did the facts which alone could furnish the motive for this letter come to the prisoner's knowledge at all. This is a typical instance of the carelessness with which Mr. BENSON handles the threads of his plot. As for the literary quality of his book, it scarcely ever rises to any distinction, and occasionally lapses into the best manner of the half-penny evening *feuilleton*. Here is a gem:—"He had but to be able to exercise his option at that price to be quit of that dreadful incubus of anxiety which for the last two years had been a mill-stone round his neck *that had grown mushroom-like*." And here is another jewel:—"Mr. Godfrey Mills had wantonly slandered him to Sir Richard Templeton, a marriage with the daughter of whom was projected in the prisoner's mind, *which there was reason to suppose, might have taken place*." The italics are my own, but everything else, including the punctuation, is Mr. BENSON's. The author is presumably satisfied with this kind of stuff, or he would not have published it; but it is extraordinarily unsatisfactory for the people who buy his new book on the strength of its author's established reputation.

The British public is frequently credited, rightly or not, with no very great amount of intelligence, but I think that Mr. J. E. PATTERSON has altogether too low an opinion of it. Throughout his book *Fishers of the*

Sea (MURRAY) he seems to be obsessed with a fear that his readers will fail to take his points, and he is for ever explaining himself in parentheses. Quite often he employs these when he is not in the least degree ambiguous, and forgets all about them when he is. Examples are singly too trivial to quote, but, taken together, such signs of a lack of skill in the telling of a story generate a sense of irritation that tends to spoil one's satisfaction at the author's intimate knowledge of fisher-folk in the North Sea. I am rather sorry for this, because it's a fascinating subject.

David Lepstein was a waif of the New York Ghetto, and his intimate friends called him *David'l*—for short, I suppose. When he left school a kind of Judgment of Paris was put before him, the choice between Learning, Art, and Riches, and selecting the last of these, he became in a marvellously short time what I believe is called a lumber-king. That, briefly, is the story of *Dominy's Dollars*, by Mr. B. PAUL NEUMAN (MURRAY), a very remarkable book. The moral, of course, is that Money, considered as a goddess, is no better than she should be; but there is nothing of the cheaply melodramatic about Mr. NEUMAN's presentation of this commonplace. For *Dominy* (that was *David's* adopted name) was a very likeable young man, with all kinds of good qualities, and it is only very gradually that he becomes so ravenous with the gold-hunger as to ruin a nature that we feel compelled to admire. The second crisis in *David's* life comes when he is asked to renounce his whole career by *Sadie Walder*, a compatriot and prima donna (what a lot of these divas there are!), who has entered the Romish Church. After his refusal to do this, in spite



Mr. Tounley (who has just agreed to take a country cottage). "OF COURSE YOU'LL HAVE THOSE TREES STRAIGHTENED UP A BIT? THEY'VE GOT HORRIBLY WARPED!"

of his love for her, there is a slackening of interest, for the end is inevitable; but the progress of the hero's obsession is traced with a wonderfully fine and certain touch, and Mr. NEUMAN is to be heartily congratulated on the study.

TO THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

UNDER what weight of years you have to bend
I do not know; your name I did not catch,
Nor from your toothless converse could I snatch
One word from the beginning to the end.
But yet what brightness to the beach you lend,
Your nether garments gleam with many a patch
Of alien stuff which never claimed to match
The parent fabric it aspired to mend.

I've read of you in fiction, now in fact
It is my privilege to get a glimpse
Of that reality my visions lacked,
And to behold your figure as it limps
Down to the sea from which you still extract
Unwilling, coy, yet marketable shrimps.